A

New way of Conference,

Being a

DIALOGVE,

Betweene

PATRICKPASTGRACE

A

PAPIST,

And

PETERPLEADWELL

A

PROTESTANT.

Fild with Mirth, and
varniſht with Modeſty.

By *Laurance Price.*

LONDON,
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A

Dialogue betwixt a Papiſt, and a Proteſtant.

Proteſtant.

WHat my old acquaintance *Patrick*, how fares your body? you look like one that came lately out of purgatory, what hath your holy Dame Pope *Ione* hanted your Ghoſt?

Papiſt.

Why Peter, I ſée you will never leave your old knavery while your tongue will wag, and that I thinke was made of [redacted], Ile tell thée, tis as eaſy a thing to ſée thee without a gybe in thy mouth, as tis to ſee a Tinker without a trull at his héeles.

Proteſtant.

Why doſt thou thinke *I* mock thee?

Papist.

I cannot tell what you call mocking, but if the last word that thou spokest of should come to his holinesse eare, they would curse thee by Bell, Booke, and Candell.

Protestant.

Let them curse mee and spare not, for their curses will flee no further then their eyes can see.

Papist.

Art thou not asham'd to scandalize such a worthy company of reverend Prelats, holy Fryers, religious Nuns, and their followers.

Protestant,

Hey hey, what have you got a Pope in your belly too? this is pretty sport indeed; but i'le tell thee one thing for thy comfort *Patrick*, thou must either in plaine tearmes forsake the Pope, or shake hands with the hangman.

Papist.

Dost heare me Peter, if thou didst know so much as I doe know, thou wouldst not refuse to goe twenty miles on thy bare feete to heare Masse.

Protestant.

Fy, fy, fy, prethee stand further from mee, thy cloathes stinkes of knavery: thy body of baudery, and thy breath of popery.

Papist.

Papist.

What, what, whats the newes now? are you in your rime doggrell mood? if I catch you a rimeing i'le rime with you.

Protestant.

Begin of thou dar'st.

Papist.

To read our Ladies salter,
And bee washt in holy water,
Is that I desire.

Protestant.

If thou hadst thy desart,
Thou shoulds bee tyed in a Cart,
Or bee burnt in the fier.
How like you of that friend *patrick*,
Have you any more stomack to rime.

Papist.

Yes faith i'le have tother od rime, if it cost mee a grote.

Protestant.

Well tot then *patrick* begin againe.

Papist.

The Popes Bulls and Crosses
Will pay all the losses,
That in England have been.

Protestant.

Not before such as thee,
And thy curst companie,

At the Gallowes bee ſeene.

Papiſt.

Fy Peter, now thou byteſt me too deepe, yet I'le try the other bout if thou canſt wooſt me at the next bowt then; ſpare me not good Peter.

Proteſtant.

VVhy then pleaſe your ſelfe, and wee are all pleaſed, begin once more.

Papiſts.

Any Maries, and Creeds,
Crucifixes and Beads,
I will never forſake them.

Proteſtants.

No more will your Sex,
That doth England ſo vex,
Till the hangman do take them.

Papiſt.

Come, come, I ſee thou art too hard for me at rimming and therefore lets fal to our former diſcourſe againe.

Proteſtant.

I ſay ſtill as I ſaid at firſt; pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.

Papiſt.

Eaſe but Peter, as I take thee for a man of diſcretion, I alſo know thee to bee a newes-monger, therefore prethee tell me ſome newes.

Proteſtant.

VVhy *Patrick*, did *I* not ſee you yeſterday in divers places of the City, as namely did *I* not ſee you in the morning in Cheapſide, amongſt the Gold-ſmiths, at noone in the Exchange amongſt the Gallants, at foure a Clock amongſt the Brokers in long Lane, and at night in a bandy houſe, and would you learne newes of me?

Papiſt.

Why Peter, thou know'ſt I hate a Bawd worſe then I hate a Turke.

Proteſtant.

But *patrick*, *I* thinke thou loveſt a whore better then thou loveſt a Chriſtian, and therefore doe thou tell the newes.

Papiſt.

Muſt I needs tell the newes, why then pray thee Peter heare me, and I will tell thee ſuch newes which hath even made me ſtarke ſtaring horne mad.

Proteſtant.

Prethee *patrick* ſpeake on, for ſuch newes *I* long to heare.

Papiſt.

Why then i'le tell thee Peter, as a friend, yeſterday a little while after thou hadſt ſeene mee, it

was

was my fortune to meete with one singing, who with a loud voyce chanted forth in the last of this moneth, such a mornefull ditty as made the very haire of my head stand an end to heare him: I would my wife Besse had beene there for his sake.

Protestant.

VVhat would shee have done?

Papist.

Shee would have either pincht him by the eares, scracht him by the face, or pick out his eyes, and had it not beene for feare of the Law, I would have stab'd him with my knife.

Protestant.

why then, I perceive you stand in feare of the hangman, but what was the song that did so much molest thy mind?

Papist.

Faith I cannot well remember the beginning on't, but the conclusion was this.

Now let the Masse Priests be jogging together,
To Rome or to Tyburne let them chuse whether.

Protestant.

And art thou angry with the ballet singer for singing that song.

Papist.

Papiſt.

I, mighty angry.

Proteſtant.

Shall I tell thee Patrick, I thinke it to bee the beſt Song, and tis like to bee the trueſt Song that was ſung in London ſtreets this twiſe twelve moneths.

Papiſt.

Shew mee a reaſon Peter.

Proteſtant.

Why this is the reaſon, our Nation have beene ſo groſely abuſed by Maſſe Prieſts, Jeſuits and Recuſants, and ſuch like troubleſome perſons which have cauſed ſtrangers to hate us, neighbours to laugh at us, and our owne friends to fight with us.

Papiſt.

Are friends ſo foliſh as to fight one with the other.

Proteſtant.

No, but that ſuch knaves as thou art are willing to ſet them together by the eares.

Papiſt

Papist.

Stay thee good Peter, and friend, tell me without jesting how this may bee, and if any fault remaines in mee, I will doe the best indeavor to amend it, and I trust that all my friends and acquaintance will doe the like, and run hand and hand with the proverb, every one mend a little.

Protestants.

Since you are in such a good minde, I will not put you by: but will tell you my mind: this I am sure of, that all that are of your sex, and will not be reform'd, must depart out of our Kingdome.

Papist.

What quite out of England! what if we depart the City, and live thirty miles from it?

Protestant.

That will not serve your turne, our Kings Lawes will meete with you.

Papist.

Why then we may fly into Yorkshire, and be free from danger.

Protestant.

Nay then you are like to the fish wch leapt out of the fryingpan into the fire, for there the bony Scots will have you by the loggs: and besides all this the Papists have playd

such

such prankes in England of late, which puts us in mind of eighty eight, the yeare before when there came such an invincible navy of Ships, that they appeared like a mighty Forest of trees upon the sea, wherein they brought hookes to hang men up by the joules, Knives to cut our throats, and whips of steel to whip us to death.

Papist.

Why these were not English Papists, they came from Spayn.

Protestant.

For any thing *I* know, the English Papists may be ful as bad if not worse, thā *Spaniards*; further more in the happy and peacefull raigne of our dread Soveraigne Lord King *Iames*, when his Majesty had cal'd an assembly together of the chiefest noble Lords, and Peers of our Kingdome, O what a damnable plot was there layd for the destruction, and overthrow both of our King and Kingdome?

Papist.

Why these were sent from Rome.

Protestant.

I thinke they were sent from Hell, for *I* am sure they brought fire-workes with them

but to conclude in a word, I'de wish thee to be as good as thy word, either to amend thy life or else depart England.

Papist.

Why what course would you have me to take?

Protestant.

First I would have [illegible]rve God in every thing, and next obe[illegible]Charles our gracious King, see that thou dost thy neighbour love, and God will of thy works aprove.

Papist.

In my heart I am ober joyed with thy Christian like councell, and I thinke a happy time that we met together, and thus much more I tell thee thou shalt see a speedy reformation in me, if God say amen, so for this time farwell good friend.

FINIS.